

**EXHIBIT 22**

THE NEW LATINA'S GUIDE TO LOVE,  
SPIRITUALITY, FAMILY, AND LA VIDA

THE  
Latinas<sup>9</sup>  
BIBLE

"AS INTIMATE AND  
VALUABLE AS A CHAT  
WITH YOUR BEST AMIGA,  
FROM WHOM YOU KEEP  
NO SECRETS."  
—ESMERALDA SANTIAGO,  
AUTHOR OF  
WHEN I WAS PUERTO RICAN

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SANDRA GUZMÁN



side it. I stand up to authority when I need to, with my eyes firmly planted on those I challenge. I refuse to look away in shame or fear. I never walk with my head bowed, like those campesinos made so famous by the great painter Diego Rivera. Blood is sacred. I honor it by honoring me. I own my body; as much as I believe in God, it is not his place to tell me when and with whom I shall share it. I am neither a martyr nor a *sirvienta*. I refuse to be defined solely by how well I cook a plate of arroz con pollo or how nicely I can keep house. My Latina femaleness is beyond the walls of my *casa* and womb. Are you feeling me yet? I am—we are—indeed a new breed. We are new women. Calling myself Latina (instead of, say, “Puerto Rican” or—*no lo quiera Dios*—“Puerto Rican American”) means validating and celebrating the fact that I feel closer kinship with a Chicana raised in Los Angeles or a Tejana raised in San Antonio than I do with a Puerto Rican woman raised in Ponce, where I was born. Everything, from our survival in America’s schools to Univision and *The Brady Bunch*, has made us *comadres*. Not long ago my son reminded me of this powerful reality experienced by so many of us.

He was watching a kids’ show on television and started screaming that the Puerto Rican kid had won a pie-eating contest. I rushed to the living room and saw that a boy named Luis Jiménez, draped in a Mexican flag, had devoured fifteen pies in two minutes.

I said, “Listen, baby, this kid isn’t Puerto Rican. He has the Mexican flag draped over him, so I think we can safely assume that he’s Mexican American.”

My son looked at me with a cocked eye, as only a little kid can, and said, “It’s the same thing, Mom!” He understood the difference—he knows the colors of both the Cuban flag (his dad’s side) and the Puerto Rican flag—but he saw parts of himself in that other little brown boy, and could celebrate the boy’s victory as his own. This is what has happened to us, the sons and daughters of Latin America’s immigrants—a feeling of Pan-Latino consciousness and kinship. We are an *hecho en América* reality.

So sure, as I said at the get-go, Latinas in the United States battle

### **Stay away from office *chisme***

Amparo Silva, a New York college counselor and career coach, says that being *chismosa*-free is a major habit that you want to pick up. While it is important to know what is happening in your work environment, you want to stay away from the personal and crude stuff about *la jefa* and other colleagues that sometimes goes around. In addition, if you hang with the *chismosa* in the office, chances are that your own stuff is all over the place too. Your reputation is priceless in your work environment and, of course, everywhere else. Keep in mind this wise *dicho*: *Dime con quien andas, y te diré quien eres*; birds of a feather flock together.

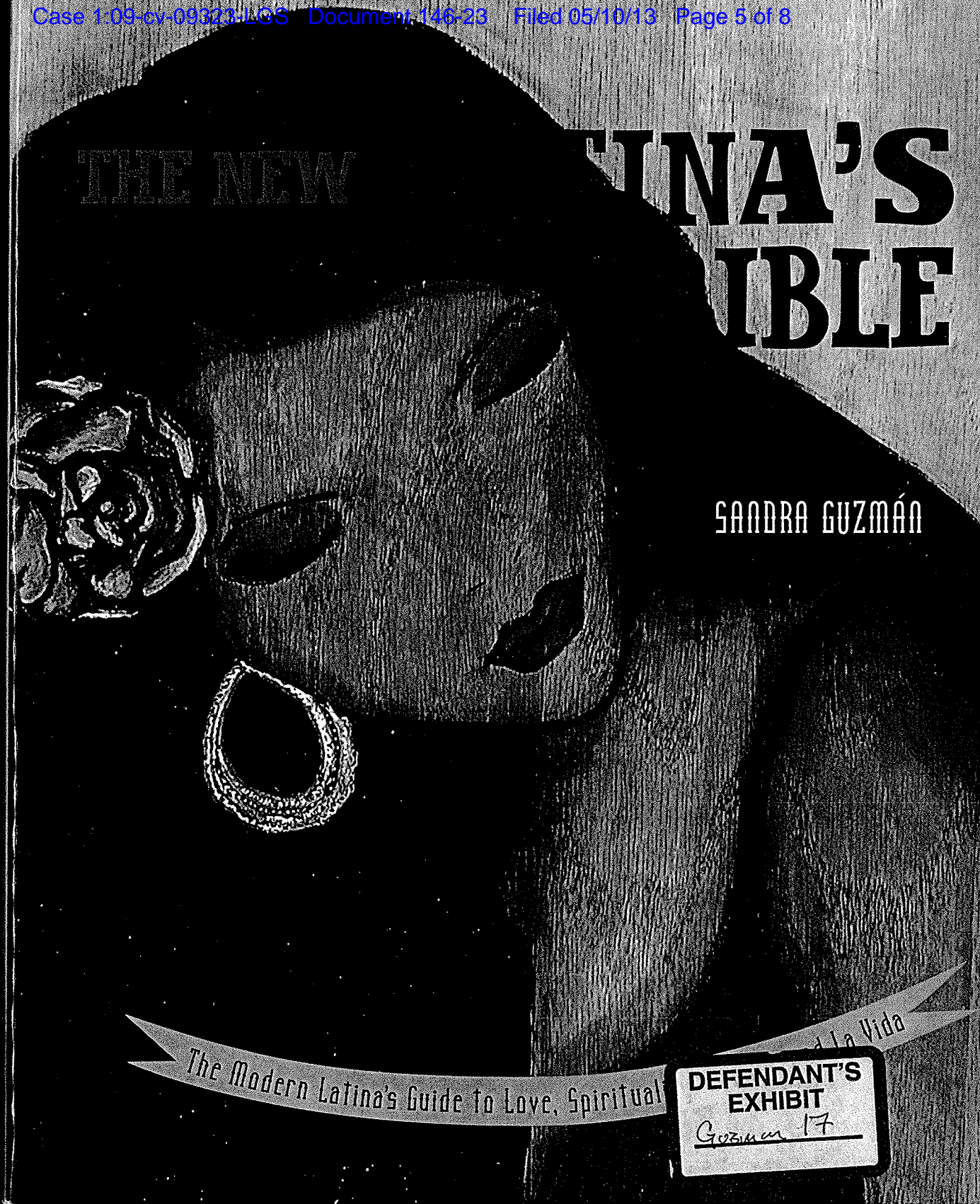
### **Give and expect respect, and know your rights**

You set the tone of how people will treat you, including your *jefa* and colleagues. Yes, the law prohibits racial, religious, national, gender, and age discrimination, but it doesn't protect us from screaming and hollering supervisors. However, that does not mean you have to take their *humillaciones*. No, sister, you set the tone of *respeto*. As Amparo reminds us, even if the law doesn't protect you, "you have the right to be treated with dignity and respect." Nip a disrespectful colleague's (or boss's) attitude in the bud by standing up the first time it happens. Do it politely and diplomatically. It's not about inviting them outside to settle the matter or getting your posse to kick some butt. No. If your parents didn't treat you like that (or even if they did), no one has the right to disrespect you now—on the job or elsewhere. All the successful women I know set the tone for how they wanted to be treated from the get-go, never giving any signals that said, Please, walk all over me. Nope, *a mi se me respeta* is what your tone should intuitively say. Know your legal rights, treat people with respect, and demand it in return whenever anyone crosses the line.

### **Your personal *problemas* stay in your home**

We all have lives outside work. (If you don't, you should; balancing your life with things besides work will make you a better employee. So get started if you are all about your job!) We also have issues that don't involve work, and these problems should stay precisely where they belong—at the entrance to your workplace. There is nothing more damaging to your career than continually bringing your personal issues to your job. Sometimes my private world would be falling apart—my kid was sick, money was running low, and my ex-husband was acting *como un pen-dejo*—but none of my colleagues ever knew it. My attitude was always a *nadie le importa*—it is none of their business. This was sometimes hard, but the fact was and is that business is business. A great positive attitude can do wonders for your professional growth and success.





SANDRA GUZMÁN

The Modern Latina's Guide to Love, Spiritual...

DEFENDANT'S  
EXHIBIT

Guzman 17

I remember a lot of warmth and tenderness in this very diverse Latino immigrant community.

Before long, I became the family translator. And just as quickly as I was learning to own the English language, I was embracing American behaviors—the attitude, the fashions, the music, and, ay, Dios mio, the independent and “unbecoming” gringita habit of always expressing my opinion! Growing up, I found it a challenging task to explain myself to Mom. It didn’t help that she never really learned English and I was quickly losing my Spanish; she never accepted what she called this “Americana” in me. She wanted me to be her idea of a good Puerto Rican girl forever.

But I was becoming something else: a new breed, a new woman, a confluence of Pan-Latino consciousness and American influences; I became a new Latina.

Identifying as Latina was a politically conscious move on my part. I understood “Hispanic” to be a term made up by the U.S. government so that they can count people like us, so I didn’t want anyone labeling me that way. On the other hand, the friendlier “puertorriqueña” and “Jerseyrican” described only parts of me, not the whole.

As a new Latina I am a combination of all of the Latinos I came of age with: Mexican Americans, Cuban Americans, Tejanas, Chicanas, Dominicans, and Central and South Americans, as well as the African Americans, Asian Americans, and Anglos who I call friends. As a Nueva Latina, I am three languages: English, Spanish, and Spanglish. While I embrace some fast food, more often than not I revel in home-cooked feasts. My opinion counts—within my family and outside it. I stand up to authority when I need to, with my eyes firmly planted on those

## THE COMPADRE CONNECTION

There are 133,933,000 men in the United States

- 95,049,000 are non-Hispanic white
- 22,448,000 are non-Hispanic other
- 16,435,000 are Hispanic

There are 16,435,000 Latinos

- 11,120,000 are Mexican
- 2,216,000 are Central and South American
- 1,463,000 are Puerto Rica
- 631,000 are Cuban
- 1,005,000 are other Hispanic

31.1% (5,108,000) of Latino men are under fifteen years old

68.9% (11,327,000) of Latino men are fifteen years old and over





I challenge. I refuse to look away in shame or fear. I never walk with my head bowed, like those peasants made so famous by the great artist Diego Rivera.

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So sure, as I said at the get-go, Latinas in the United States battle racism, discrimination, border harassment, racial profiling, police brutality, invisibility, and exploitation. We battle old-country traditions that sometimes stifle us. Yet despite—or maybe because of—all the external and internal struggles, U.S. Latinas are



### DON'T COMPLAIN, BE A PROBLEM SOLVER

There are two kinds of employees: those who complain and do nothing about it, and those who don't complain and get the job done. You want to be the latter. Don't nag about a problem; instead, use the energy to find a solution. If things are falling through the cracks and you have a solution, why complain when you can do something about it? But be cautious: Don't ever "solve" anything before running it by your supervisor. Let your boss know what you see happening, offer your suggestion, and propose to implement it if she or he likes the idea. While jefes don't have all the answers, sometimes they think otherwise, and your efficient problem-solver attitude can be confused with trying to do your boss's job. You don't want to make him or her feel incompetent. (Even if you think otherwise.) Your initiative to improve a given situation, more often than not, is truly a welcome attitude in any job setting.

### STAY AWAY FROM OFFICE CHISME

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